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TAMERS OF THE GROUND.

There is conquest of force in taming the horse
Till he brooks to be driven and bound,
But prouder by far the victories are
Of the men who tame the ground—
Who tame the ground and its willful powers,
And determine the work it must do,
Till it leaves its own and executes ours,
With obedience docile and true.

For they are true workers together with God
In maturing the earth to his plan,
And in teaching her dull and unmeaning sod
To glow with the thinking of man—
Who compel her rude life to surrender the wold,
The marsh and the jungle to yield
To him who can out of her deserts unfold
The wealth of the fruit bearing field.

Delights there may be on the restless sea,
Though treacherous, barren and bare;
But the grateful land ever blesses the hand
That tends it with wisdom and care.
Then health to the heroes who tame the ground
And hold it in bountiful thrall,
For they lap the earth with their conquests around,
Enriching, benignant to all.

—Professor James C. Moffat.

DO WE EVER FORGET?

Cultivation of the Memory—The Need of Severe Discipline.

The quality of the mind which we call memory has been well likened to a storehouse, into which have been thrust, without any definite order or arrangement, precious things and worthless things, priceless treasures and useless rubbish. The mechanical task of selecting from the confused heap a particular thing which is needed is called an effort of the memory, but should rather be called an arousal or excitation of the memory; for it is all but certain that from the vast storehouse nothing ever disappears, nothing is ever lost, only when we cannot find just what we want at the time we want it, we say we have forgotten.

It may be a bold assertion to say that we never forget; that is, that nothing is ever absolutely lost beyond the possibility of recollection, or regathering, as the word means, but the facts bear out the claim that in the strict sense of the word we never forget.

It is a common expression to say that one person has a much finer memory than another; but it only means that the one has the power of selecting and arranging, which the other has never cultivated, or which has become weakened through disease. It is undoubtedly true that some have a higher natural power of this kind, just as some men's muscles are naturally stronger than others; but the faculty exists in all who are of sound mind, and can certainly be cultivated to a degree which seems extraordinary to those who have never looked into or thought upon the subject.

Cultivation of the art of memory—which, by the way, is a singularly exact expression for the process—is a matter upon which much thought and attention have been bestowed, and as to which opinions have widely differed. The literature of mnemotechny has become very extensive and many systems of artificial memory have been devised to help those whose ideas and associations lack sequence, and who do not know how to set about the task of recollecting. But all these are outside the real idea of cultivating the memory. They are aids to an unused or untrained faculty, nothing more. They are simply the application of mechanical force to help out a weak or enfeebled muscle; they are not the muscle itself.

The memory can be cultivated, strengthened, made efficient and accurate in only one way—by systematic and persistent exercise. It does not differ in this respect from any other human faculty, whether of mind or body. Muscle and intellect are subject to the same rules and the same conditions; use strengthens, disuse weakens. An inefficient, feeble memory must be put under rigid discipline and exercise systematically, and especially used in those directions in which it is most defective. Memories differ very widely, as to the objects which they grasp with ease or difficulty. One remembers dates with accuracy, another is always uncertain about them; one remembers faces perfectly, another always confuses them; one remembers the sequence of events, another is never absolutely certain as to historic order or precedence; one recollects only the gravest and most important affairs, another only froth and nonsense.

Each case of uncertain or defective memory calls for his own treatment, and that is severe discipline. A poor memory for dates can be made better by hard study of chronology; the useless faculty of remembering trivial things can be cured by an exclusive study of matters of consequence.

We have said that the natural memory differs widely in different people, and history furnishes many incidents of persons remarkable for the strength of their memories; but the wonderful feats performed by these only establishes the truth of the general proposition, that we never really forget anything, just as remarkable instances of muscular development demonstrate the latent power of the muscle and show the extent to which the forces of the human body may be increased.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A New York Book Agent.

A distinguished belle is a book agent, and she has in ten or twelve days made herself singularly famous down town. Her method is a marvel of skill, aided by natural advantage. The latter consists of the ability to shed tears at will. I don't know how she does it, but she does. At precisely the time and place for tears to be of value they drop from her eyes and trickle down her cheeks. Perhaps there is something the matter with her tear ducts, but if there is, I doubt if she would care to be cured. She has been fooling the brokers especially. She enters an office quietly but firmly, and, with no circumlocution, tells the boss that she wishes him to buy a book. He says no, unhesitatingly and perhaps crossly. Then she turns on the tears.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," she replies, making toward the door.

But he sympathetically begs her to voice her grief; whereupon she tells that she has been unable to sell a book that day, that her poor old mother is dependent upon her, and that she is downright discouraged. He purchases one or more books instantly, and does not learn until several days later, by chance, that she has played the same softening game on nearly the whole street.—"Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.

GUM, FRESH AND FRAGRANT.

How It Is Gathered—Its Native Forest. Adulteration.

A lump of clear, genuine spruce gum, fresh and fragrant from its native forest, is not to be despised as a chewing substance, and if everybody could get the real article, instead of cheap, adulterated stuff, the army of chewers would be vastly augmented. The natural gum is said by physicians to be beneficial to the teeth, and it is certainly a great improvement on tobacco. The woodsmen bring out considerable quantities of gum, sometimes packed in pretty miniature barrels, which they whittle and carve from blocks of white pine or cedar during idle hours by the camp fire, as presents for their friends, but there are people who make a business of gathering gum, and in certain sections of the spruce country it pays well.

Most of the spruce gum handled by the dealers comes from Canada and northern Maine, while Vermont and New Hampshire contribute a moderate quantity to the total yield. The best gum comes from no particular section, but always from the biggest spruce trees, and it begins to run in July or August, when, in these high latitudes, the sun becomes so hot as to crack the bark. On the limbs, in the crotches, and even in the trunk of the spruce, the molten gum forms during the heat of summer in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and when cold weather sets in it becomes hard. The first year after its run the gum is white and pitchy, then it begins to turn amber and red, and the second year it is fit to "pick" for the market, although it is better if allowed to remain on the trees until the third year. After the third season the gum remains in the same state for several years, and then begins to "turn old," as the pickers say, and the consumer complains that it "chews hard" and crumbles up. A little more age makes it dark colored and bitter, and then its value is gone.

Up in Canada much of the gum is picked in the autumn, beginning as early as October, but there, as in Maine, the best time for the work is during the deep snows of the winter, when snowshoes are used, or in the early spring, when a man can travel along at a lively rate on the heavy crust, above the underbrush. The pickers are provided with long poles, on the end of which is fastened a sharp chisel, and underneath that a cup to receive the gum as it is chipped off. The cup holds from a pint to a quart, and when full it is emptied into a long bag which the packer carries slung to his back like a knapsack. These gum harvesters erect huts in the woods when far distant from a settlement or a logging camp and stay from two days to a week on a trip. When they have secured as much as they can "tote" they come out, and then the women and children have the tedious job of scraping each and every lump free from bark and moss. The clean, bright article offered for sale in the shops looks very much different from the brown nuggets in the picker's bag, although occasionally a clear, shiny piece is found on the limb of a large tree.

It is the cleaning of the gum that makes a first class article expensive. An ordinary picker usually earns fair day's wages, although in localities that have not been explored he sometimes "strikes it rich." I have known a man to gather $30 worth of gum in one day.

There are two or three firms in Maine which buy large quantities of gum from lumbermen and pickers for the purpose refining it, as they say. But, as a general rule, the refining consists of adulteration with rosin. They throw the gum into a big vat, bark, moss and all, and boil it to about the consistency of molasses, skimming off the impurities as they rise to the surface. Then, if the purpose be to adulterate, some lard or grease and a lot of rosin is thrown in, with sometimes a little sugar. The mixture is stirred until thick, and then poured out on a slab, where, while it is yet hot, it is rolled out in a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, and afterward cut with a steel die into pieces half an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. These pieces are wrapped in colored tissue paper and packed in wooden boxes—200 pieces to a box. This is the socalled "patent" gum. Tons of it are sold south and west of us, but here on the verge of the primeval forest it is a drug in the market.—Bangor (Me.) Cor. New York Sun.

Teeth and Physical Condition.

In a recent address on dental surgery Sir James Paget dwells upon the high functions of the molars, which, he says, stand half way between the dead and the living—that is to say, between the food to be consumed and the tissues formed by it. Upon them depends very greatly the character which will be given to those tissues. In other words, the mode in which we masticate has an appreciable effect upon our future physical condition. "Who knows how much those thirty-two bites which Mr. Gladstone is believed to take at every piece of meat which he consumes may have had to do with his bodily system, and hence, by no means indirectly, with the Irish question!"—Medical Record.

Color Blindness.

Conclusions as to color blindness may be reached too precipitately. A wrong judgment in colors may be occasioned by the effect of simultaneous contact, or the effect of one color on another on the retina of the eye. Thus green in the vicinity of white will appear under artificial light a dark gray; but for so pronouncing it one is not to be convicted of color blindness.—Philadelphia Call.

Charlie's Evening Prayer.

Charlie, after his evening prayer, was adding some improvised petitions. He prayed impartially, as his memory served, for all his friends, for the people next door and around the corner, and added, with the same intently abstracted tone, "I won't pray for old Dr. Hart's folks, for we don't visit there."—Harper's Bazar.

Plating with Platinum.

A satisfactory method of electroplating with platinum has become patented and put in operation in London. The coating produced is hard, durable and corrosive proof, having in these respects great advantages over silver, brass or copper surfaces.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, takes snuff when traveling in very hot regions. He says that it helps to preserve his eyesight.

A HOTEL OF LONG AGO.

Arrangement of the Rooms—Under the Shelves—The Hearth.

In 1807 William Hodge, Sr., built an addition to his log house in Buffalo and established a tavern, about which his son, William Hodge, wrote thus: "This noble mansion consisted of two rooms on the lower floor, with a wide hall between them. It had battened doors, naked peeled beams and windows of 7 by 9 glass. The north room was used as a parlor, sitting room, main kitchen and dining room. The south room was the more public one. There the eye was caught by large black letters on an unpainted door, telling the visitor to 'Walk in,' and there too was the 'latch string,' hanging on the outer side of the door. This room also contained the bar, which was partitioned off in one corner.

"Under the shelves stood the whisky and cider barrels, and on them were the kegs of brandy, rum and gin, and one or two kinds of wine, as Madeira and port. Maybe there was also there a keg of shrub or peppermint cordial, and occasionally one of metheglin. Sometimes, in the proper season, the bar would contain a barrel of spruce beer, home made, of course. There was no lager beer in those days. The sugar box and money drawer were made to slide under the front counter board. The white sugar then used came in high, tapering, solid cakes called sugar loaves, done up in coarse brown or black paper. A few may yet be seen. The liquors sold at the bar were always measured out in the wine glass and gill cup, or in larger quantities when desired.

"Cider was sold by the pint or quart, red peppers being added; and in cold weather it was set upon coals and embers to heat. The mixed drinks furnished at the bar were termed 'slings,' and were made of sugar water and brandy, rum or gin, well stirred with the 'sugar stick.' Hot slings were made the same way, except that a hot iron was put in, to temper them, a slight sprinkling of nutmeg being regularly added. A 'sangaree' was made in the same way, using wine instead of the stronger liquors. Nearly all were as much in the habit of using these different kinds of liquors as beverages as people now are of using tea, coffee and even milk.

"The fireplace in the barroom and that in the north room were without 'jambs'—the chimneys being built with split sticks and plastered. That in the north room was furnished with a 'trammel pole' and 'trammel' with hooks to match, for hanging kettles, etc., over the fire. The hearths were made of stones gathered from the fields. The chamber rooms were used for sleeping purposes. An addition built on the east side of the barroom was used as a back kitchen and wash room. It had a sloping roof, being a 'lean-to.' The fireplace was built in one corner of it, and the chimney and hearth were of the same materials as those in the other rooms."—Detroit Free Press.

The Hotels of Java.

The hotels in Java are not the best in the world, while their cooking is certainly the worst. A cup of coffee is brought by your room boy whenever you awake, and at 9 there is breakfast in the dining room. It consists of two cold boiled eggs cooked the night before, slices of bologna sausage and cheese, and bread and butter, and in order to have "everything to match" the coffee is cold. An hour before tiffin decanters of gin and bitters are placed on the veranda, and every one helps himself a son gre, some taking half a dozen glasses, either because it is free or because the coming meal is so poor that the system demands a great amount of fortifying to meet it.

A 1 o'clock a bell announces tiffin, but it isn't good form to go at once, and if one did the viands wouldn't be any hotter. The first dish served is rice, which is put into a deep soup plate, and then six or eight other dishes are presented in quick succession, of each of which a spoonful is put on the rice and the whole is then stirred vigorously and eaten in a lukewarm state. The number and variety of edibles mixed and mangled in that rice dish are more wonderful than tempting. Later beefsteak and potatoes in tiny portions, tough and greasy, are served, and then follow plenty of fruits and a cup of excellent coffee. So ends the "rice meal," as it is called. The dinner is always at 8 o'clock, even in the remotest country hotel, and the viands are always cold and covered with a thin coating of grease. And the course that precedes the roast is always warm with stewed fruit.—Batavia Letter.

Buttermilk as a Drink.

A great physician once said that if every one knew the value of buttermilk as a drink it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages, and further compared its effects upon the system, to the cleaning out of a cook stove that has been clogged up with ashes that have sifted through, filling every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like the stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness. Its medicinal qualities cannot be overrated, and it should be freely used by all who can get it. Every one who values good health should drink buttermilk every day in warm weather and let tea, coffee and water alone. For the benefit of those who are not already aware of it, I may add that in the churning of it, the first process of digestion is gone through, making it one of the easiest and quickest of all things to digest. It makes gastric juice, and contains properties that readily assimilate with it, with very little wear upon the digestive organs.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Submarine Photography.

Experiments have recently been made in France with the electric incandescent light and the camera in photographing under water. It is proposed to photograph sunken ships, works, and so on, by this means; and it is expected that the apparatus will be useful to divers.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

When Queen Victoria travels she is supplied with a special time table, printed elegantly in mauve, on thick white paper, bordered with gold and surmounted by the royal arms.

Breech Loading Small Arms.

All breech loading small arms have either a fixed chamber or a movable chamber. All of this latter class are deemed obsolete; they embrace the following named rifles: The Burnside, the Hall, the Sleeper, the Worrell. All fixed chambered small arms have either a movable barrel or a movable breech block. Those having a movable barrel either slide or rotate. They are Gardner's repeater, the Gallagher, the Prussian needle carbine, the Maynard, the Wohlgemuth and all old pattern revolvers like Colt's, the Scott and the Helm. The second classification of fixed chambered breech loading small arms—that is those having a movable breech block—is very much more numerous. Some are closed by sliding; one, the Ballard, by sliding and rotating; the rest by rotating about an axis. Three sorts are thus indicated.

The first sort includes the following, all of which have concealed locks: The Prussian needle gun, Dreyse's improved needle gun, Chassepot, Ward-Burton, Mauser, Vetterlin, Greene, Milbank and the Lee. The Van Choate, Joslyn-Tomes and Merrill are also bolt guns, but have outside locks. Then come those moved by levers; The Morse, Merrill, Barnekov-Greene, Winchester, Stetson, Burgess, Beals and Rumsey. The slide of the Sharp's rifle is vertical. The next sort of rifles includes those whose breech blocks rotate about an axis either parallel to the axis of the barrel or at 90 degs. to the axis of the barrel. These are the Werndl, Snyder, Warner, Snell, Joslyn, Earnest, Freeman, Milbank, Broughton. Also the Springfield, Berdan-Russian, Morganstern, Roberts, Elliot, Werder, Smoot, Peabody, Martini, Conroy, Westley-Richards, Beal, Allen-Murdock, Morse, Symmes, Remington, Remington-Locking, Thomas, Remington-Ryder, Whitney, Dexter, Whittemore, Updegraff, Muir-Pont-Storm, Spencer, Robertson, Starr, Evans, Kirk and G. R. Remington—Chicago Tribune.

Learning to Fly.

In flying, as in bicycle riding, the points of greatest difficulty are the starting and the stopping. Professor Hyatt describes in an interesting manner the first lesson of a tame kittiwake gull. After a long probation in trying his wings, at last several times in calm weather he flew as high as the after rail, about a foot, and lighted upon it, but made no effort to go overboard. Finally, on a calm day, he was placed in the water, but he showed great terror, swimming close to the boat, and was soon taken in again.

He did not seem to become accustomed to the water until he had reached Annisquam and had acquired considerable powers of flight, evidently preferring his bath in a bucket. He appeared to be terrified also when first bathed in a bucket, but when placed in a basin, where he could stand with his feet on the bottom, took much pleasure in bathing.

After he became more accustomed to the water, the bucket was again brought into use, and then it was successful. The wide expanse of the sea or the absence of a foothold seemed to fill him with terror.

He made no efforts toward prolonged flight until one day, after our return to Annisquam, I took him to the door and threw him gently from an elevation of about ten feet. Instead of flying slowly to the ground, as I had anticipated, the bird sailed off a hundred feet at least, turned, flew back over the house and through the trees, avoiding obstacles and soaring with perfect ease and very swift motion round and round the area of the house.

Very soon, however, he began to approach close to me and scream as if in distress. It was evident that he was tired and wished to alight, but did not know how to stop.

Finally, by suddenly throwing up my arms as he came toward me, I succeeded in arresting him; and he literally tumbled against me and fell on the ground. His excitement was very great, and would have started again of his own accord, if I had not held and quieted him. He was wild with delight.

I started him again when rested, and precisely the same scene was re-enacted; and he did not learn to alight by himself until after several flights.

The Trouble With Old Virginia.

Gen. Imboden, the noted Confederate leader, is in the employ of the treasury department as an expert on the subject of the natural resources and transportation in Virginia. He has just completed an exhaustive report on the manufactures and trade of the Old Dominion. Randolph Tucker, after reading Gen. Imboden's report, told a story which, he said, explained why Virginia had not "made more progress in business."

"One day in the house," said he, "Bragg of Wisconsin told me the secret of our backwardness. He said that in war time he was marching toward Culpepper, and on the road met an old clergyman. The poor fellow was ragged, unshaven, and terrible seedy. Bragg stopped him and asked how far it was to Culpepper.

"'Two miles, sir,' said the minister.

"'Well,' said Bragg, 'is it much of a town?'

"'No; it is not a very big town,' replied the clergyman; and then, with a brightening of the eyes and a proud stiffening of his long, thin frame, he added, 'But, sir, Gen. Washington once had his headquarters there.'"

That, to Mr. Tucker's mind, shows why Virginia does not go ahead. She clings too closely to traditions and memories of the past.—N. Y. Sun.

The Philosophy of "Bluing."

The common laundry practice of "bluing" clothes illustrates a very common law of color. Blue and yellow are what are known as "complimentary colors." That is, together they form a white. Hence the addition of minute quantities of indigo, Prussian blue, or other blue material to the linen completely neutralizes the natural yellow tint, and gives the clothes a clear white appearance.—Chicago Tribune.

The New York Climate.

Editor (to assistant)—I want a couple of editorials on the weather—one bewailing its inclemency, and the other a rhapsody on ethereal mildness.

Assistant—For to-day's paper?

Editor—Yes; we'll wait until it's time to go to press, and then rush in the one that fits.—Harper's Bazar.

Stage Lines.

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